



## TO FIDES SA.

SONNET I. *Fertur*

*Portunam Fortune favere J&renti.*



FIDES SA fair ! long live a happy  
maiden ! Blest from thy  
cradle, by a worthy  
Mother, High-thoughted, like to  
her, with bounty  
laden, Like pleasing grace  
affording, one and  
other. Sweet model of  
thy far renowned Sire!

Hold back a while thy ever-giving hand ! And  
though these free penned lines do nought  
require

(For that they scorn at base Reward to  
stand), Yet crave they most, for that they  
beg the least!

Dumb is the message of my hidden  
grief, And store of Speech by silence is  
increased ;

O let me die, or purchase some relief !  
Bounteous FIDES SA cannot be so cruel  
As for to make my heart, her Fancy's  
fuel !